

**EXCUSE ME!**

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED From Photographs of the Play as Produced By Henry W. Savage

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

**Hands Up!**

All this time Lieutenant Mallory had been thinking as hard as an officer in an ambulance. His harrowing experiences and incessant defeats of the past days had unnerved him and shattered his self-confidence. He was not afraid, but intensely disgusted. He sat absent-mindedly patting Marjorie on the back and repeating:

"Don't worry, honey; they're not going to hurt anybody. They don't want anything but our money. Don't worry, I won't let 'em hurt you."

But he could not shake off a sense of nausea. He felt himself a representative of the military prowess of the country, and here he was as helpless as a man on parole.

The fact that Mallory was a soldier occurred to a number of the passengers simultaneously. They had been trained by early studies in those beautiful works of fiction, the school histories of the United States, and by many fourths of July, to believe that the American soldier is an invincible being, who has never been defeated and never known fear.

They surged up to Mallory in a wave of hope. Dr. Temple, being nearest, spoke first. Having learned by experience that his own prayers were not always answered as he wished, had an impulse to try some weapon he had never used.

"Young man," he pleaded across the back of a seat, "will you kindly lend me a gun?"

Mallory answered sullenly: "Mine is in my trunk on the train ahead, damn it. If I had it I'd have a lot of fun."

Mrs. Whitcomb had an inspiration. She ran to her berth, and came back with a tiny silver-plated revolver.

"I'll lend you this, Sammy gave it to me to protect myself in Nevada!"

Mallory smiled at the .22-caliber toy, broke it open, and displayed an empty cylinder.

"Where are the pills that go with it?" he said.

"Oh, Sammy wouldn't let me have any bullets. He was afraid I'd hurt myself."

Mallory returned it, with a bow. "It would make an excellent nut-cracker. Aren't you going to use it?" Mrs. Whitcomb gasped.

"It's empty," Mallory explained.

"But the robbers don't know that! Couldn't you just overawe them with it?"

"Not with that," said Mallory, "unless they died laughing."

Mrs. Wellington pushed forward: "Then what the devil are you going to do when they come?"

Mallory answered meekly: "If they request it, I shall hold up my hands. And you won't resist?" Kathleen gasped.

"Not a resist."

"And he calls himself a soldier!" she sneered.

Mallory writhed, but all he said was: "A soldier doesn't have to be a jackass. I know just enough about guns not to monkey with the wrong end of 'em."

"Coward!" she flung at him. He turned white, but Marjorie red, and made a leap at her, crying: "He's the bravest man in the world. You say a word, and I'll scratch your eyes out."

This rebuked Mallory a little, and he laughed nervously, as he restrained her. Kathleen retreated out of danger, with a parting shot: "Our engagement is off."

"Thanks," Mallory said, and put out his hand: "Will you return the bracelet?"

"I never return such things," said Kathleen.

The scene was so painful and such an anachronism that Dr. Temple tried to renew a more pressing subject: "It's your opinion then that we'd best surrender?"

"Of course—since we can't run."

Wedgewood broke in impatiently: "Well, I consider it a dastardly outrage. I'll not submit to it. I'm a

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—Mrs. MARY HALSTEAD, Plata, Pa., Box 98.

Here is the report of another genuine case, which still further shows that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be relied upon.

Walcott, N. Dakota.—"I had inflammation which caused pain in my side, and my back ached all the time. I was so blue that I felt like crying if anyone even spoke to me. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I began to gain right away. I continued its use and now I am a well woman."

—Mrs. AMELIA DAHL, Walcott, N. Dakota.

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subject of His Majesty the—"You're a subject of His Majesty the Man Behind the Gun," said Mallory.

"I shall protest, none the less," Wedgewood insisted.

Mallory grinned a little. "Have you any last message to send home to your mother?"

Wedgewood was a trifle chilled at this. "D-don't talk of such things," he said.

And by this time the train-robbers had hastily worked their way through the other passengers, and reached the frantic inhabitants of the sleeper, "Snowdrop."

"Hands up! Higher!! Hands up!"

With a true sense of the dramatic, the robbers sent ahead of them the most hair-raising yells. They arrived simultaneously at each end of the aisle, and with a few short sharp commands, straightened the disorderly rabble into a beautiful line, with all palms aloft and all eyes wide and wild.

One robber drove ahead of him the conductor and the other drove in Mr. Manning, whom he had found trying to crawl between the shelves of the linen-closet.

The marauders were apparently cattlemen, from their general get-up. Their hats were pulled low, and just beneath their eyes they had drawn big black silk handkerchiefs, tied behind the ears and hanging to the breast.

Over their shoulders they had slung the feed-bags of their horses, to serve as receptacles for their swag. Their shirts were chalky with alkali dust. Their legs were encased in heavy chaparejos, and they carried each a pair of well-used Colt's revolvers that looked as big as artillery.

When the passengers had shoved and jostled into line, one of the men jabbed the conductor in the back with the muzzle of his gun, and snarled: "Now speak your little piece, like I learned it to you."

The conductor, like an awkward schoolboy, grinned sheepishly, and spoke, his hands in the air the while: "Ladies and gents, these here parties in the black ties says they want everybody to hold his or her hands as high as possible till you git permission to lower 'em; they advise you not to resist, because they hate the sight of blood, but prefer it to argument."

The impatient robbers, themselves the prey of fearful anxieties, broke in, barking like a pair of coyotes in a jumble of commands: "Now, line up with your backs that way, and no back talk. These ones shoot awit

easy. Add remember, as each party is finished with, they are to turn round and keep their hands up, in penalty of gittin' 'em shot off. Line up! Hands up! Give over there!"

Mrs. Wellington took her time about moving into position, and her deliberation brought a howl of wrath from the robber: "Get into that line, you!"

Mrs. Wellington whirled on him: "How dare you, you brute?" And she turned up her nose at the gun.

The anxious conductor intervened: "Better obey, madame; he's an ugly lad."

"I don't mind being robbed," said Mrs. Jimmie, "but I won't endure rudeness."

The robber shook his head in despair, and he tried to wither her with sarcasm: "Pardoning, mammselly, would you be so kind and condescendin' as to step into that there car before I blow your husband's gol-blame head off."

This brought her to terms. She hastened to her place, but put out a restraining hand on Jimmie, who needed no restraint. "Certainly, to save my dear husband. Don't strike him, Jimmie!"

Then each man stuck one revolver into its convenient holster, and, covering the passengers with the other, proceeded to frisk away valuables with a speed and agility that would have looked prettier if those impatient-looking muzzles had not pointed here, there and everywhere with such venomous threats.

And so they worked from each end of the car toward the middle. Their hands ran swiftly over bodies with a loathsome familiarity that could only be resented, not revenged. Their hands dived into pockets, and up sleeves, and into women's hair, everywhere that a jewel or a bill might be secreted. And always a rough growl or a swing of the revolver silenced any protest.

Their heinous fingers had hardly begun to ply, when the solemn stillness was broken by a chuckle and low hoot of laughter, a darkey's unctuous laughter. At such a place it was more shocking than at a funeral.

"What ails you?" was the nearest robber's demand.

The porter tried to wipe his streaming eyes without lowering his hands, as he chuckled on: "I—I—just thought of sumpsum funny."

"Funny!" was the universal groan. "I was just thinking," the porter snickered, "what mighty poor pickings you-all are goin' to rit out of me. Whilst if you had 'a' waited till I got to 'Frisco, I'd jest natchelly been oozin' money."

The robber relieved him of a few dimes and quarters and ordered him to turn round, but the black face whirled back as he heard from the other end of the car Wedgewood's indignant complaint: "I say, this is an outrage!"

"Ah, close your trap and turn round, or I'll—"

The porter's smile died away. "Good Lawd," he sighed, "they're goin' to skin that British lion! And I just wore myself out on him."

The far-reaching effect of the whole procedure was just beginning to dawn on the porter. This little run on 'em bank meant a period of financial stringency for him. He watched the hurrying hands a moment or two, then his wrath rose to terrible proportions:

"Look here, man," he shouted at the robber, "ain't you-all goin' to leave these passengers nothin' a tall?"

"Not on purpose, nigger."

"No small change, or nothin'?"

"Nary a red."

"Then, passengers," the porter proclaimed, while the robber watched him in amazement; "then, passengers, I want to give you-all fair warnin' heah and now: No tips, no whisk-broom!"

Perhaps because their hearts were already overflowing with distress, the passengers endured this appalling threat without comment, and when there was a commotion at the other end of the line, all eyes rolled that way.

Mr. Baumann was making an effort to take his leave, with great politeness.

"Excuse, please. I want to get by, please!"

"Get by!" the other robber gasped. "Why, you—"

"But I'm not a passenger," Mr. Baumann urged, with a confidential smile. "I've been going through the train myself."

"Much obliged! Hand over!" And a rude hand rummaged his pockets. It was a heart-rending sight.

"O-o-o!" he wailed, "don't you allow no courtesies to the profession?" And when the inexorable thief continued to pluck his money, his watch, his scarf-pin, he grew wroth indeed. "Stop, stop, I refuse to pay. I'll go into bankruptcy toist." But still the larceny continued: fingers even lifted three cigars from his pockets, two for himself and a good one for a customer. This loss was grievous, but his wildest protest was: "Oh, here, my friend, you don't want my business carts."

"Keep 'em!" growled the thief, and then, glancing up, he saw on the tender inwards of Mr. Baumann's up-held palms two huge glisteners, which their owner had turned that way in a misguided effort to conceal the stones. The robber reached up for them.

"Take 'em. You're welcome!" said Mr. Baumann, with rare presence of mind. "Those Nevada nearlies looks almost like real."

"Keep 'em," said the robber, as he passed on, and Mr. Baumann almost swooned with joy, for, as he whispered to Wedgewood a moment later: "They're really real!"

Now the eye-chain rolled the other way, for Little Jimmie Wellington was

pinning with rage. The other robber, having massaged him thoroughly, but without success, for his pocketbook, noticed that Jimmie's left heel was protruding from his left shoe, and made Jimmie perform the almost incredible feat of standing on one foot, while he unshod him and took out the hidden wealth.

"There goes our honeymoon, Lucetta," he moaned. But she whispered proudly: "Never mind, I have my rings to pawn."

"Oh, you have, have you? Well, I'll be your little uncle," the kneeling robber laughed, as he overheard, and he continued his outrageous search till he found them, knotted in a handkerchief, under her hat.

She protested: "You wouldn't leave me in Reno without a diamond, would you?"

"I wouldn't, eh?" he grunted. "Do you think I'm in this business for my health?"

And he snatched off two earrings she had forgotten to remove. Fortunately, they were affixed to her lobes with fasteners.

Mrs. Jimmie was thoroughbred enough not to wince. She simply commented: "You brutes are almost as bad as the customs officers at New York."

And now another touch of light relieved the gloom. Kathleen was next in line, and she had been forcing her lips into their most attractive smile, and keeping her eyes winsomely meek, for the robber's benefit. Marjorie could not see the smile; she could only see that Kathleen was next. She whispered to Mallory:

"They'll get the bracelet! They'll get the bracelet!"

And Mallory could have danced with glee. But Kathleen leaned coquettishly toward the masked stranger, and threw all her art into her tone as she murmured:

"I'm sure you're too brave to take my things. I've always admired men with the courage of Claude Duval."

The robber was taken a trifle aback, but he growled: "I don't know the party you speak of—but cough up!"

"Listen to her," Marjorie whispered in horror: "she's flirting with the train-robber."

"What won't some women flirt with!" Mallory exclaimed.

The robber studied Kathleen a little more attentively, as he whipped off her necklace and her rings. She looked good to him, and so willing, that he muttered: "Say, lady, if you'll give me a kiss, I'll give you that diamond ring you got on."

"All right!" laughed Kathleen, with triumphant complacence.

"My God!" Mallory groaned, "what won't some women do for a diamond!"

The robber bent close, and was just raising his mask to collect his ransom, when his confederate glanced his way, and knowing his susceptible nature, foresaw his intention, and strictly: "Stop it, Jake. You tend strictly to business, or I'll blow your nose off."

"Oh, all right," grumbled the reluctant gallant, as he drew the ring from her finger. "Sorry, miss, but I can't make the trade," and he added with an unwonted gentleness: "You can turn round now."

Kathleen was glad to hide the blushes of defeat, but Marjorie was still more bitterly disappointed. She whispered to Mallory: "He didn't get the bracelet, after all."

To be Continued

**\$3.50** Louisville Evening Post and Breckenridge News one year \$3.50.

**Glorious Camp Life.**

Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Chapin and daughter and Miss Anna Mabel Kramer spent Thursday with the Cloverport boys who are camping near Addison. The young men had seventeen guests that day and had a big dinner for them. They named their camp "Blue Gum." Hunting, fishing, swimming and rowing are their chief sports.

**The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.**

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs, causing catarrh of the bladder, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, head ache, back ache, lame back, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell.

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When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, and don't let a dealer sell you something in place of Swamp-Root—if you do you will be disappointed.

## PAPER BAG COOKING

Great System Perfected by M. Soyer, Famous London Chef.

**SPECIAL FAMILY DINNER.**

By Martha McCulloch Williams. The following menu is suitable for a paper bag cooked dinner, to be served during winter months, when the occasion is more than ordinary, say on a national holiday, or some special family or community event:

Blue Fish or Sea Trout, Planked  
Sliced Potatoes Buttered Beets  
Cold Slaw

Baron of Beef, Roasted  
Baked Squash Celery Salsify Stewed  
Cold Baked Apples with Rum  
and Sugar

Romaine Salad with Cheese Balls.  
Sharp French Dressing Biscuit  
Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce  
Nut Candy Stuffed Dates

Homemade Citron

The fish will require a plank, oak, of course, and proportioned to the size of the biggest paper bag. Get it as thin as possible—half an inch, say. Scour it well, then grease with oil or butter, heat gently and wipe off all surplus grease while still warm.

This before undertaking to use it. It must be heated very hot underneath the gas flame before the fish goes on it. Sprinkle rock salt thickly over it to prevent charring, dash it off and grease very thickly, then lay upon it your fish, opened flat, seasoned, and well-greased all over the skin side. Season it on top with salt, black and red pepper, a few toasted bread crumbs or a little grated cheese, thin slices of onion and raw peeled tomatoes. Lacking fresh tomatoes, put on a little tomato catsup. Squeeze lemon juice over all and dot plentifully with butter. Flatten well on the plank, then slip plank and fish inside a thickly-buttered bag and cook in a hot oven fifteen to twenty minutes, according to the thickness of the fish.

The beef baron—the double sirloin—needs only to be roasted in a bag after greasing it very well all over. Do not salt it. Roast according to weight—fifteen minutes to the pound for rare meat, twenty for well done. Make sliced potatoes as previously directed, also cold slaw. Beets should be boiled quickly, putting them on in cold water, peeled as soon as done, and buttered while still very hot. Season with salt and pepper, also a dash of either vinegar or lemon juice. Baked squash has been exploited, stewed salsify likewise.

Serve the cold baked apples as a sort of sorbet—a course to themselves. Peel and bake the apples in a buttered bag, with a teaspoonful of sugar to each apple. Put in the serving dish, and while still very hot pour over a desertspoonful of rum to the apple. Let cool and serve with wafer-biscuits toasted very crisp.

For the salad, break crisp romaine in two-inch bits, make a very sharp French dressing, putting in a little lemon juice with the vinegar, adding salt, celery salt, onion juice, Worcester sauce, black and red pepper, and a mere suspicion of mustard. Sour claret make take the place of vinegar and lemon juice—you must aim at a very piquant flavor to give a tang to the mild cheese balls and biscuit. Shape the balls with butter moulds from cream cheese softened with either a little oil or sweet cream. Roll them in finely ground nuts and stick a tiny sprig of parsley in each. Make very small biscuit to go with them, and bake so they may come to table very, very hot.

Plum pudding should be in hand; heat it well either over hot water or inside a bag.

For the nut candy, use either black walnuts, acaly barks or pecans—I give them in the order of preference. A mixture of all three is not so bad, but the crisp richness of fresh black walnut goodies appeals most to my taste. Crack the nuts and pick out the kernels in as big pieces as possible. Be careful not to let bits of shell fall among the meats. Measure them after picking out, for each heaping cup of nuts take a level cup of soft sugar and half a cup of water. Cook sugar and water together till it ropes from the spoon. Have the nuts in round, rather shallow vessel, well greased. Pour the hot syrup upon them and stir about until the candy hardens around the kernels.

Make your own stuffed dates. Pick out the largest, firmest fruit, wash quickly in cold water, drain, and take out the seed. Stick into the cut side either a nut, a bit of crystallized ginger, a little candied peel, or a bit of citron. Roll in confectioner's sugar and lay in a very lightly-greased bag, left open at the end, in a cool oven to harden. Drain strips of citron from their syrup, roll in sugar and dry off the same way.

The country-bred may like to have either squash or pumpkin served as a vegetable. Peel, cut up, bake soft and mash, then season well with salt, a little pepper and a tiny bit of onion juice. Make in a cake and lay in a paper bag mould or a well-buttered bag. Lay thin strips of bacon over the cake, seal an cook in a hot oven ten to twelve minutes. Turn out in a hot dish and serve with the beef. Pumpkin in particular, mashed and cooked in the gravy of roast fresh pork, is tempting and toothsome, to say nothing of being somewhat out of the common. As an accompaniment to roast suckling pig, it has no superior, unless it may be yellow yams. (Copyright, 1911, by the Associated

## CHURCH DIRECTORY

Cloverport Churches

**Baptist Church**  
Baptist Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. C. E. Lightfoot, Superintendent. Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Baptist Aid Society meets Monday after Second Sunday, every month, Mrs. A. B. Skilling, President. Preaching every Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. E. O. Cottrell, Pastor.

**Methodist Church**  
Methodist Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Mrs. D. Behen, Superintendent. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Frank Lewis, Pastor. Prayer meeting Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. Epworth League, regular service Sunday, 6:45 p. m.; business meeting first Tuesday night each month. Miss Margaret Burn, President. Ladies' Aid Society meets first Monday each month. Mrs. Forrest Lightfoot, President. Ladies' Missionary Society meets second Sunday in every month. Mrs. Virgil Babington, President. Choir practice Friday night 7:30. A. H. Murray, Director.

**Presbyterian Church**  
Presbyterian Sunday School 9:45 a. m.—Conrad Sippel, Superintendent. Preaching every Third Sunday. Rev. Adair, Minister. Prayer meeting Tuesday, 7:30 p. m. Ladies' Aid Society meets first Wednesday after Third Sunday every month. Mrs. Chas. Fatterfield, President.

**Catholic Church**  
First Sunday of each month, Mass, Sermon, and Benediction, 9:00 a. m. Other three Sundays at 10:15 a. m. On week days Mass at 7:40 a. m. Catechetical instruction for the children. Preaching every Sunday at 8:30 a. m., and on Sundays at 9:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.

**Dr. W. B. TAYLOR**  
..Permanent..  
**Dentist**

Cloverport, Kentucky

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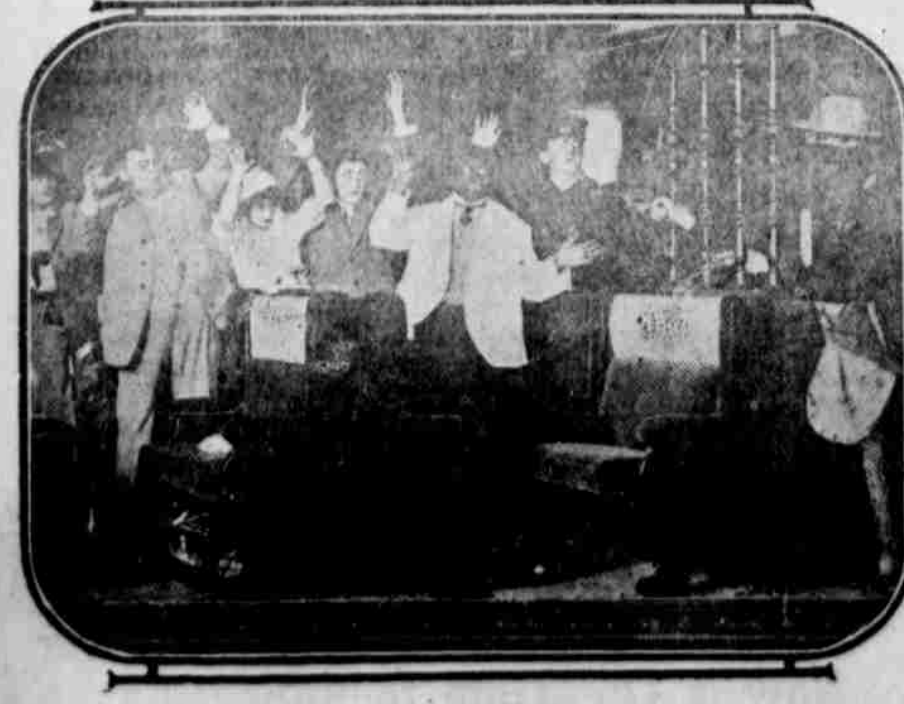
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**Knew When To Quit.**

Several years ago a Missourian moved out to eastern Colorado and took a homestead. Things looked pretty good in that country when he located, but the next season turned out dry and windy. He hung on, hoping for a change, but the second year was worse than the first. He had a notion to leave, but finally decided to stick one more year. The third year, which was the last season, was the worst of the three. He hitched up a team of poor mules he still had left, got his family into an old wagon and started eastward. Finally he met a friend who had known him before he left Missouri, who asked him why he was coming back.

"Well," said the Missourian, "I stayed out in that blamed country till my salivary glands dried up and I says to myself durned if I propose to stay in a country where I can't spit."

—Kansas City Journal.



THE HOLD-UP.